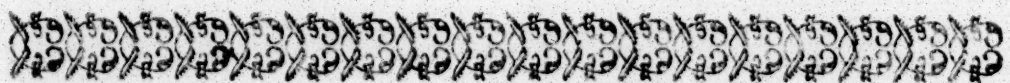


H Y M N

T O T H E

POWER OF HARMONY.



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T O T H E

POWER OF HARMONY.

Humbly inscribed to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

T H E E A R L O F B U T E.

ΘΕΥΜΟΡΟΙ ΝΙΣΣΟΝΤ' ΕΠ' ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΥΣ ΛΟΙΔΑΙ. ΠΙΝΔ.

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T H E P L A N.

Invocation. — Address to Lord BUTE. — The power of harmony in the creation. — On man in a state of innocence. — The fallen state of man. — Relieved by harmony. — Enumeration of those who have been famous in this art. — The powers of music and song among different nations, and at several periods. — Eulogy of modern harmony from its diversity of tones. — Conclusion.

H Y M N

T O

The POWER of HARMONY.

Whether enthron'd on the *Aonian* steep
Of that fam'd hill, where erst the tuneful Nine
Pursu'd, with skill divine, the melting strain,
Thou chuse to dwell ; — or else amid the shades
Of *Zion's* hill thou sitt'st, whence holy sounds, 5
Call'd from the wiry harps of ancient kings,
Taught every echo to resound thy song ; —
Say ! dost thou haunt the grot near *Hebrus'* stream,
By *Orpheus* held so dear, whose mournful lyre,
Breathing responsive to his master's wo, 10
Disarm'd the savage monarch of the glade ;
Or near *Marcello's* tomb thy form is seen,

Ver. 12. Benedetto Marcello, a Venetian nobleman, eminent for his skill in musical composition, and particularly for his great work on the Psalms, in eight volumes folio. He died 1739.

In heav'nly radiance deck'd, while at thy feet
 Lies, all unstrung, that solemn sounding lyre,
 Devoted erst to Harmony divine, 15
 Forlorn and silent? — if the vaulted isle
 Allures thy step, where organs breathing round
 Sole, or united to the vocal quire,
 Waft tow'rd the throne supreme the silent vow,
 To thee I call; — with no ill-omen'd voice, 20
 I hymn the power of heaven-taught Melody.
 Hail, Queen of Song — hail, Harmony's soft Power!
 Giver of pure, of intellectual joys,
 The Muses sister, and the lover's friend;
 Whether at early dawn thou glad the soul 25
 Of thy pure vot'ry; or thy viewless harp,
 While sable Night draws her black curtain round,
 With sweetest warbling cheers the solemn hour.

BELOV'D of Science, BUTE, whose early youth
 Was foster'd in the Muses secret cave, 30
 Nor *Aganippe's* stream, nor *Pindus'* height

Detain'd the Nine, while their lov'd nurfeling bids
 Their prefence to the fea-beat western ifle ;
 Amid whose groves, fage CONTEMPLATION deigns
 To fhew her heavenly form, invok'd by thee. 35
 She fires the ftatesman's foul ; fhe fteels the breaft
 Of Patriot Virtue to the task of fame.
 Fair Honour's temple riles on the view,
 The fteep afcent is bright with Glory's beams. —
 O'er future times the voice of powerful Song 40
 Shall fpread thy name ; as when from *India's* coaft,
 Borne on the thoufand wings of orient gales,
 Aerial fragrance glads old Ocean's fream.

FORBID, ye Powers who tune the Poet's foul,
 That with unlicens'd feet I tread the path, 45
 The magic path, that leads to yonder bower ;
 That with *unballow'd* fong I load the air,
 Which ambient breathes around the green retreat. —
 Ye fhades, that, on the founding fhores of *Forth*,
 Firft faw our *Albion's* genius plume his wing, 50

Astonish'd heard him sweep the trembling chords,
 And teach your echoes strains unheard before,
 Seraphic strains, in awful mildness great,
 Receive your bard, and whisper to his soul,
 Such powerful sounds as flow from *Kelly's* lyre. 55

BUT ah! be far, ye sons of midnight mirth,
 Nor drown, with frantic cry, the Muses' voice;
 Your boisterous applause reserve for those
 Who never knew the joys of sacred song,
 Who never bow'd before the radiant shrine 60
 Of Harmony's soft power, nor mark'd her lore.

THOU from the first wast present, while the voice
 Omnipotent call'd from the inform void
 To heavenly beauty, fair Creation's bloom.
 And while he taught the rolling orbs to fly 65

Ver. 55. This nobleman has demonstrated, that a superior genius and skill in the most sublime parts of musical composition, is not confined entirely to the benign climates of the continent.

Along the trackless waste of space profuse,
 Thy skill divine so smooth'd their charming tones,
 Harmonic measures, that the ear of God
 Listens delighted. Thee he made preside
 O'er all his works. To thee 'twas given to bid 70
 The feather'd songster pour his artless strain,
 To wake the morn, and cheer the forest's gloom;
 Till *Philomel*, beneath the moon's faint beam,
 Soothing the ear of Night, with varied song
 Detain the list'ning Hours; while *Silence* guards 75
 From every ruder sound th' harmonious lay.

BUT chiefly thee, FAIR EXCELLENCE, engag'd
 The lovely haunts of Paradise; what time
 The first of men, yet warm from God's own hand,
 With his lov'd comfort trod the verdant meads 80
 Of *Eden* fair; or laid supine, at eve,
 Amid the fragrant roses' blushing shade,

Ver. 68. It is almost needless to remark, that these two verses are borrowed from the great Milton.

In num'rous verse hymn'd the CREATIVE POWER
 With vesper song, nor ceas'd his matin harp,
 When jocund Hours unbarr'd the gates of day. 85
 Thou, goddess, tun'd his voice ; bright seraphs heard,
 And blest'd the hallow'd sounds ; while new to life,
 To gratitude, to love, his song confess'd
 Thy modulating impulse on the soul.

ILL-fated man ! how short the fleeting hours 90
 Enjoy'd in bliss ! how soon absorb'd in woe
 These moments of delight ! forgotten all,
 Save while sad Memory's sharp pangs recall
 The faded joy, and sharpen Sorrow's sting.
 Exil'd the blissful seat, fit haunt of gods, 95
 And doom'd to rove this nether world around,
 By pining care, and ghastly ills besieg'd,
 Ah, whither shall the wretched wand'rer fly ?
 Beneath what covert shade his fated head ?
 Where find the balm to cure his hopeless wound ? 100
 To THEE he call'd ; to thee address'd his vow.

Soft Pity heard ; while moving sounds, inform'd
 By Melody's resistless, suasive power,
 Attun'd the soul, and bid his sorrows peace.
 Thy power, bright Goddess, once again he feels, 105
 Again he pours the soft, heart-soothing lay,
 Again th' impassion'd sounds spontaneous flow ;
 With solemn notes the breathing organ swells,
 With thrilling ecstasy the lyre awakes.
 Does mild Devotion call forth sounds of praise ? 110
 Does Love in tender bands his heart constrain ?
 Or is he grip'd by Sorrow's iron hand,
 And bends beneath a load of wo to earth ?
 Still, GODDESS, thou art present. Still thy hand
 Into the vary'd cup of changeful life 115
 The sovereign drop infuses ; that soft balm
 Whose lenient power restrains the gushing tear,
 Disarms the tyrant's breast, and veils the face
 Of Anguish in a smile. Or does the torch
 Of vengeful *Até* bid destruction blaze 120
 Wide-wasting, while round Horror's grisly form

Unfurled banners play, and high in air
 Wide stretch their dismal shade, and Discord fell,
 Ambition's frantic offspring, loads the plain
 With mountains of the dead? yet still thy power 125
 The warrior's soul informs — on the rough edge
 Of battle ere it close; — amid the shock
 Of clashing armour, and the cannon's roar,
 Serene, unmov'd he stands, while martial airs
 Exalt the soul, and make him more than man. 130

SUCH on the hostile plain, by *Quebeck's* wall,
 The early bloom of *Wolfe* was seen to move.
 He lifts the flaming spear, and like the waves
 Broken around a rock, the numerous hosts
 Of *Gallia's* sons in wild disorder fly; 135
 As when the mountain-blast, with stormy wing,
 Drives clouds in heaps athwart the vault of heav'n.
 Oh early fall'n! — for whom each weeping Muse
 Implor'd the Fates in vain. — In vain they weep,
 In vain with helpless arms they shield their son; 140

The hero falls, and on a foreign shore,
 Lie stretch'd his beauteous limbs, as some fair oak,
 Torn from his native soil by angry winds,
 His leafy honours sheds. — The voice of song
 To latest time shall sound the warrior's name, 145
 And *Britain's* awful genius guard his tomb.

Does Tyranny athwart his native land
 Her iron rod extend, and tread in dust
 The feeble neck? — yet still *Alcæus* lives;
 With godlike rage he smites the founding chords, 150
 Indignant spurns the haughty victor's chain,
 Arrouses nations, and disdains a lord.

See, fam'd for valour, fierce *Laconia's* sons
 In straggling flight dispers'd along the plain.
 Ev'n Fame's loud trump, the soldier's glorious meed,
 No more they mark, till on *Eurotas'* bank 156
 The Muse appear — with all-compelling song,
Tyrtæus steels the hardy *Spartan's* breast,

And proud *Messene* falls before his spear.

BUT lo! to other strains the *Lesbian* maid, 160
 With sweetest impulse, wakes the tuneful shell.
 Her plaintive sounds inchant the list'ning throng;
 The pleasing frenzy seizes all the soul,
 And all our care, and every thought is love.
 Hail, gentle mourner! — may the lovely Queen 165
 Of Smiles and young Desire still tend thy song;
 While on thy sacred head, unfading blooms
 The lover's wreath, amid the flowrets gay,
 That deck the lap of *Tempe's* winding vale.

O let me hear again the sacred lore, 170
 That charm'd the dæmon in the breast of *Saul*,
 While thy lov'd son rear'd high the shining harp,
 Midst clouds of holy incense fuming round.
 Up to the throne of God the song ascends,
 And seraphs rapture swells the note of praise 175
 From *Judah's* sons; while yet unstain'd they stood,

Nor mingled horrid rites with sacred song ;
 While yet the Heav'nly Pow'r, well pleas'd, beheld
 Fair *Zion's* swelling hill, and by the stream
 Of *Siloa's* brook angelic sounds were heard, 180
 By Prophets old, across the midnight glade.
 But now the Muse has long forgot these shades,
 Defac'd her honours, and her garland torn.
 No more she wanders o'er the tremulous strings,
 No more her song breathes ravishment around. 185
 Pollution vile usurps her holy feat,
 And fordid Ignorance defiles her groves.

AND lo ! slow rising o'er the cumbrous heap
 Of *Zion's* palaces in ruin laid,
 Majestic in his tears, amid the band 190
 Of *Israel's* captive sons, I see appear
 The man of *Anathoth* ; his silver beard
 Wet with the dew of sorrow ; dim his eye,
 Appall'd with desolation spread around.
 And hark ! the living strings begin to wake ; 195

In querulous numbers, mournfully flow,
 They tell the piteous tale, and melt the soul
 In tender sorrow. — At each pause he wipes,
 With trembling hand, his aged, furrow'd cheek.
 The virgin daughter of his native land 200
 Attends the strain, and for a while forgets
 That she is wretched. Such the power of Song.

NOR, gentle Goddess, is thy reign confin'd
 To those blest'd climates, where indulgent heaven
 Pours forth the copious store of nature boon, 205
 O'er hill and valley, river, mead, or dale :
 But from the trackless waste of *Lapland's* plains,
 The frozen regions of the icy North,
 To where the sun with fervid ray torments
 The footy *Indian*, and the thirsty space 210
 Of burning sands astounds the weary eye,
 All feel thy charms, and with united song
 Circle the throne of heav'n-taught Melody.

SEE now bleak *Jura's* snow-clad hills arise,
 Midst Artic seas, where storms unceasing groan, 215
 And angry winds lift high the furrow'd furge.
 Yet here, amid the wreck of nature, reigns
 Thy power supreme. — And hark ! from his lone cave
The voice of CONA wakes the strings of wo.
 Touch'd by Thy hand, he pours the melting strain, 220
 Calls forth our tears, and tells how *Oscar* fell.
 Along the heaving bosom of the deep
 Resounds his lay, as when at early dawn,
 Sent from the GENIUS of immortal song,
 Aerial music whispers o'er the heath, 225
 And tunes to highest themes the Prophet's soul.
 Again we view the hero sheath'd in mail,
 Again the voice of weeping beauty pleads ;
 Unhurt by Time's relentless iron hand,
 Still rise their grafs-clad tombs, while *Branno's* stream
 In plaintive murmurs fooths the ear of Grief. 231

Ver. 221. Ossian, whose works were happily rescued from oblivion by
 the ingenious Mr Macpherson.

Nor less the feather-cinctur'd tribes that roam
 In savage liberty the sea-girt shores
 Of Western *Ind*, and climb the steepy height
 Of *Cordillera*, where eternal snows 235
 And howling tempest guard rough Winter's throne,
 Confess thy sway, and hail the power divine.
 Whether with sinewy arm he bend the bow,
 And hurl the spear against embattled foes;
 Or, laid at ease amid his native shades, 240
 He bid the TREE OF PEACE to heaven ascend;
 With martial song he cheers the toil of war,
 Or soothes the salvage woods with accent mild.

BUT is there not some favour'd, chosen spot,
 Some happier clime, where vernal airs infuse 245
 The melting strain; where Harmony's full pow'r
 Is felt in ev'ry zephyr's balmy breath,
 Wafts in the breeze, and whispers through the grove?
 And lo! the beauteous Queen directs her steps

To where, with mantling foliage umbrag'd round,
Valchusa's grot appears. Around her path 251
 The lover's myrtle, and the laurel green,
 Unbidden rise. — With sweeter notes the birds
 Inchant the ear; and liquid lapse of streams,
 Adown each palmy hillock's verdant slope, 255
 With Dædal sounds in the glad concert join.
 All Nature smiles, as when the sun new ris'n
 Looks through the saffron portal of the East,
 To cheer fair *Maia's* sons with lucid ray.
 With mildest look she beckons forth her son, 260
 The love-lorn *Petrarch*, from the grossy sod,
 That lightly lies on *Laura's* gentle breast.
 Soft as the whisp'ring breath that fans at eve,
 While Night's fair daughter climbs the mountain-top,
 His plaintive numbers, through th' *Etrurian* shade, 265
 With solemn warbling glad the pensive ear.

AND who is He, mark'd with the frown of years,
 In sable stole majestic, o'er the lawn

That hither moves, and still with ardent ken
 Surveys the blue expanse of heav'n's blest field, 270
 While from their gold-ting'd cloud the seraphs bend
 In pleasing wonder o'er a mortal strain?
 See, at his side, Devotion mild appear,
 Ecstatic Rapture, and the Syren sweet,
 Who laps the soul in transport's nameless joys. 275
 He lifts the golden harp; — glad zephyrs croud
 To kiss the trembling chords, and lend their wings
 To bear the dulcet sounds o'er earth and sea.
 With gentle smile, as when the western beam
 Visits the glassy bosom of the deep, 280
 While all the winds lie hush'd within their cave,
 The Power of Song rewards his artful toil,
 And all her sons hail *Palestina's* name.

PLEASANT, while Morn gains on the dusky hill,
 And rears his fulgent head mid jostling clouds, 285
 To lift the voice soft-streaming o'er the vale.
 Pleasant the lyre, while shades of evening close,

And, with uncertain gleam, the vesper star
 Plays on the shining wave. — But say, ye Powers,
 Whom in the lonely glade I frequent meet, 290
 While Night's dun chariot climbs the silent sky,
 And dew-besprinkled stars shake their bright locks;
 When all the fire of Song my bosom warms,
 And pleasing horror thrills my trembling frame;
 Say, whence this magic power, this art divine, 295
 That from Confusion bids fair Order rise;
 As when of old, while the first morning dawn'd,
 Old *Chaos*' sons obey'd the awful voice
 Of Heaven's eternal King? — Say, whence this lore,
 Whose ravishment transports the inmost sense, 300
 Brings Harmony's whole power on Discord's wings,
 Unlocks the compound store of Nature's sweets,
 And in the maze of Pleasure whirls the soul?
 Hark! on the long-continu'd tone break in
 Th' accordant sounds. — Aloft the treble soars; 305
 The melting Tenor's plaintive voice resounds,
 Mid the sweet thunders of the deep-mouth'd Bass;

Each flying each, pursuing, and pursu'd.
 Greedy, the ear devours the passing sounds,
 An awful horror overspreads the frame, 310
 And all is tumult, pleasing, solemn joy.

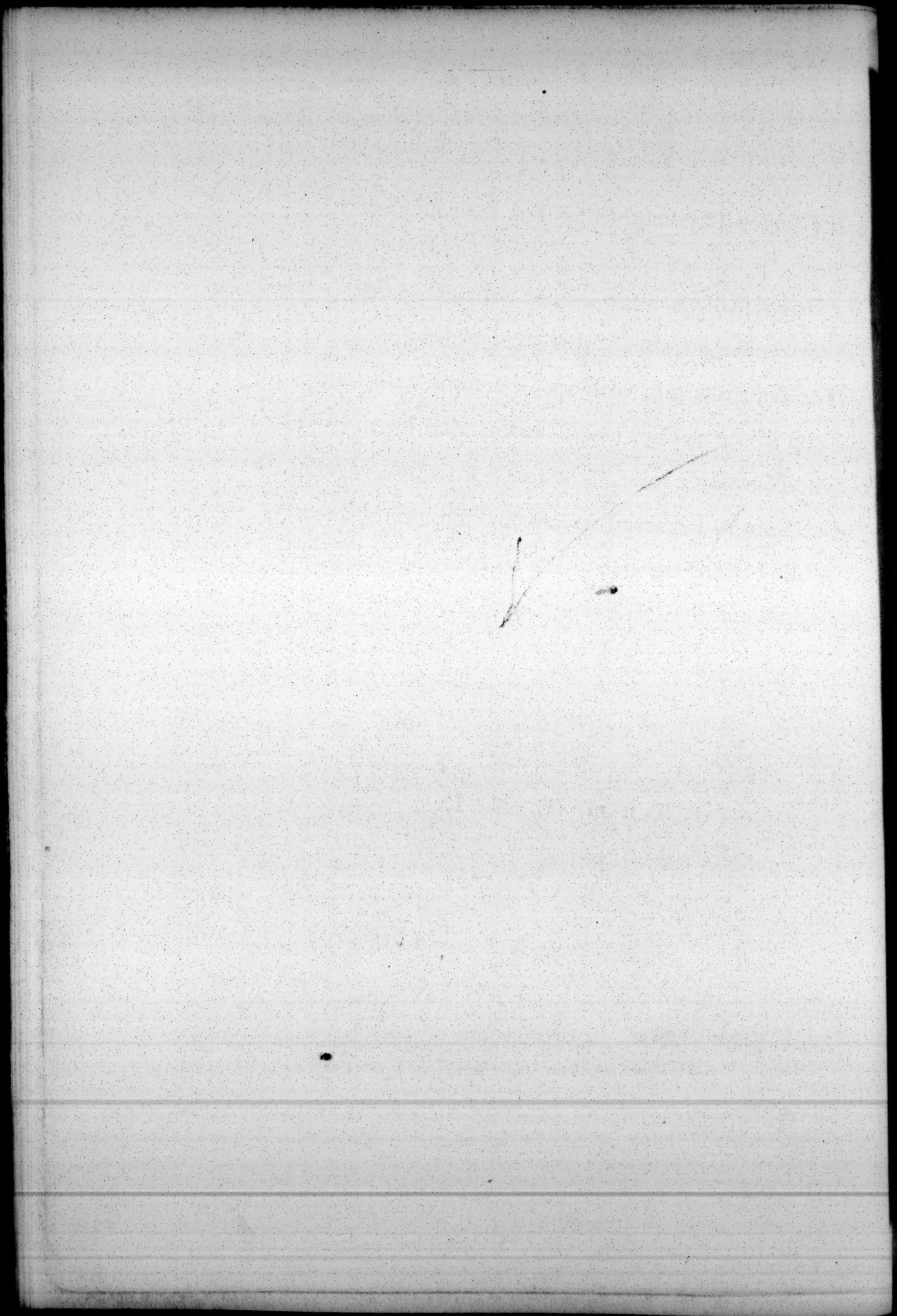
As when the skilful hand of *Guido* pours
 The mingled colours o'er the canvas field,
 Though all the shades that tinge the show'ry arch
 In gay disorder lie, his Dædal hand 315
 Now bids the mountain's shaggy top arise;
 Now leads the flower-girt stream along the plain;
 Now calls *Maria's* heavenly form to view,
 And arms her blushes with resistless charms.

SUCH, lovely Queen, thy power. Such are the joys,
 The mild, the heart-felt joys Thy hand bestows; 321
 Pure, lasting joys, which leave no sting behind.
 Witness if I be silent, echoing groves,
 Where oft my lyre is heard at early morn.
 Witness ye caves, where calm Retirement dwells, 325

If I forget Thy song, or fly Thy shrine.

Soon shall thy vot'ry's head be laid in earth,
 Soon shall the frame of this great world decay,
 The sun grow dim with age, o'ercome with toil,
 Sleep in the western cloud, and careless hear 330
 The Morning's voice. The moon shall sink in night.
 But Youth's immortal wreath shall crown thy brow,
 While blooms the tree of life on heavenly plains,
 And all eternity's vast round be thine.

T H E E N D.



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